The too and fro conflicting winde and raine,
This night wherein the cub-drawne Beare would couch,
The Lyon, and the belly pinched Wolfe
Keepe their furre dry, vnbonneted he runnes,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the foole, who labours to out-ieſt
His heart ſtrooke iniuries.

Kent. Sir I do know you,
And dare vpon the warrant of my Arte,
Commend a deare thing to you, there is diuiſion,
Although as yet the face of it be couer'd
With mutuall cunning, twixt *Albany* and *Cornwall*.
But true it is, from *France* there comes a power
Into this ſcatterd kingdom, who already wiſe in our negligence
Haue ſecret fee in ſome of our beſt Ports,
And are at point to ſhew their open banner,
Now to you, if on my credite you dare build ſo farre,
To make your ſpeed to *Douer*, you ſhall finde
Some that will thanke you, making iuſt report
Of how vnnaturall and bemadding ſorrow
The King hath cauſe to plaine;
I am a Gentleman of blood and breeding,
And from ſome knowledge and aſſurance,
Offer this Office to you.

Gent. I will talke farther with you.

Kent. No do not,
For confirmation that I much more
Then my outwall, open this purſe and take
What it containes, if you ſhall ſee *Cordelia*,
As doubt not but you ſhall, ſhew her this ring,
And ſhe will tell you who your fellow is,
That yet you do not know, fie on this ſtorme,
I will goe ſeeke the King.

Gent. Giue me your hand, haue you no more to ſay?

Kent. Few words, but to effect more then all yet,
That when we haue found the King,

Ile this way, you that
On him, hollow the o

Lear. Blow winde
You carterickes, and
The ſteeples, drownd
Thought executing fi
Oke-cleauing thunde
And thou all ſhaking
The thicke rotundity
Mold, all Germains ſp
Ingratefull man.

Foole. O Nunckle,
Is better then this rai
Good Nunckle in, an
Here's a night pitties

Lear. Rumble thy
Nor raine, winde, thu
I taske not you, you
I neuer gaue you kin
You owe me no ſubſ
Pleaſure, here I ſtand
Deſpiſed old man, bu
Miniſters, that haue
Your high engender
As this, O tis foule.

Foole. He that has
peece, the codpeece
head and he ſhall lo
makes his toe, what
cry woe, and turne
faire woman, but ſhe

Lear. No, I will b
I will ſay nothing.

Kent. Who's ther

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